Lear. Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The mistresse of *Hecat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exsist and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Messes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pittied and releeued,
As thou my some-time daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the Dragon and his (wrath
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kinde nursery, hence and auoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digest this third,
Let pride, which she cals plainnesse, marry her:
I do inuest you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiesty, our selfe by monthly course
With reseruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
The name and all the additions to a King,
The sway, reuenue, execution of the rest,
Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my Master followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'st thou that duty
Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainnesse honours bound, when Maiesty stoops to folly,
Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best consideration
Checke this hideous rashnesse, answer my life,
My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reuerbs no hollownesse.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it,
Thy safety being the motiue.
Lear. Out of my sight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*———
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. Vassall, recreant.
Kent. Do, kill thy Physition,
And the fee bestow vpon the foule disease,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost euill.
Lear. Heare me, on thy alleigeance heare me;
Since thou hast sought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straied pride,
To come betweene our sentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away,

By

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